ume VIII Chicago, Ill., October, 1931 Number 7

The Liberalist

"From the murmur and the subtlety of suspicion with which we vex one another
Give us rest.
Make a new beginning.
And mingle again the kindred of the nations in the alchemy of Love,
And with some finer essence of forbearance and forgiveness
Temper our mind."

Aristophanes, (translated by Nairne.)

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The Peoples Church

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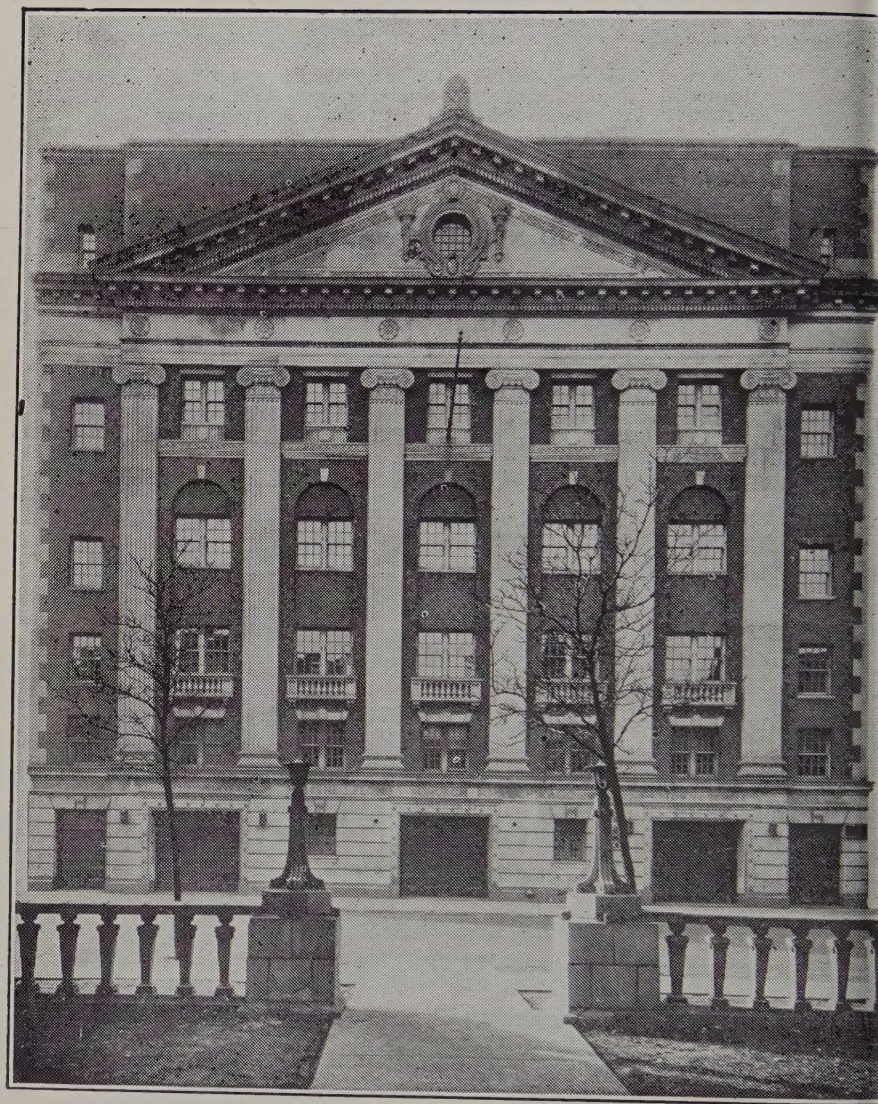

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO AT
941 LAWRENCE AVENUE. Near Sheridan Road.

THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

Volume VIII Chicago, Ill., October, 1931 Number 7

MEDITATION

"Everlasting and infinite Love, we associate ourselves together with the beauty of the morning for the purpose of awakening within our hearts and minds a deeper appreciation of the genius and the spirit of one of the greatest men civilization has yet produced.

We would take obscurity away from our eyes, we would have that clarity of thought that would enable us to see clearly his value. We would attempt, not to honor, not to add to his lustre, but we would seriously ask that our own perception and our own attitude toward these great mysteries about us might be quickened and enhanced because of an appreciation for his genius and his life.

We are grateful that we live in a world that is capable of producing such men; that out of the loins of mankind there can evolve such intellect, such nobility, such grandeur. And so, for fear that our eyes would be permanently blinded, we would not look into the face of the sun but from the reflected glory of that light we lighten the dark places of our own lives. While we cannot weigh, or measure, or fathom the intellectual depth and height that completely surrounded the character that we honor today, we are the recipients of his genius and are those upon whom he conferred favor and happiness, and our effort today is but a feeble gesture to evidence our appreciation for him and for the world.

To every young man here, may his name become high above all names in the field of science, as they are inspired into enlarged activities by his own genius and personality. May everyone who receives and becomes a beneficiary to his great strength and power have a part of that very essence that was so much a part of his own genius.

And so, when the body grew tired and failed to function and the inevitable physical dissolution took place due to the lack of the body to maintain its coherent and united action, this change, which men call death, came. How insignificant does it all seem when contrasted with the light that he gave to the world, eternal and everlasting brilliance, genius of such high caliber that we exhausted phrases in order to describe him even imperfectly.

We are grateful for his life today and the very medium through which it is possible, out of some of his early activities, for people to hear this service today. To everyone listening and everyone who honors us today by listening to this service, may there go to them that appreciation and love that accentuated all of his labors, and to everyone who tuned into this service this morning in order that they might receive something of benefit, of value and of inspiration, the deep prayer of our heart is that they may not be disappointed; that here today may a word be spoken, a bit of music given, or something of the atmosphere of our service be a mighty molding factor in changing human life.

Heal wherever healing is necessary, inspire wherever inspiration is needed, help every lonely human life in our pilgrimage through the highways and byways of time, to come at last to that great expansive altitude of life upon which shall dwell eternal and everlasting truth in all its beauty and in all its power.

May the benediction of peace, quiet, rest and introspection help and heal every human sorrow."

"THOMAS EDISON"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church Chicago, October 25, 1931. Stenographically Reported

"I suppose there will always be a great controversy among philosophers about this question of heredity and environment. There are those who are maintaining the one side and those who are maintaining the other, and usually both sides pick out, for verification of their respective points of view, some outstanding personality. Yet, after we have philosophized about which of these influences contribute the most to the development of genius, heredity or environment, or even not going so far as genius, even mediocrity, or human life in general, then immediately they bring to us illustrations, and I am wondering, when we come to the character of the morning, what heredity and environment have to say as those twin streams of influence melt together in the production of a great personality.

The background of Thomas Edison, so far as heredity is concerned, is a very interesting mixture of many, many sources, of which probably the most definite stream is Dutch, for the ancestors of Thomas Edison came from the shores of that now rapidly disappearing part of Europe known as the Zuider Zee. His people were Hollanders, and I think that there may be, in some of the mental attitude and capacities of Mr. Edison, particularly his ability of careful analytical action with regard to any study with which he was concerned there was a certain solidarity in the fact that he himself said, shortly before he died, that the experiments that he had worked on and failed in were of far more importance than his achievements, because he felt that there was enough truth in what he was after in the experiment that failed that some time in the history of science, long after he himse had passed away, although h memory, of course, never cou fade, but centuries after he ha passed, some human mind wou do the things in some of thos thousands of experiments that h failed in, bringing us to the i teresting observation that som times a person's achievement are to be determined quite a much by his failures as by hi successes, and the mere fact tha Mr. Edison had intimations c still greater things to do in th field of electricity and electr magnetics, gave evidence of th fact that there is still work to b done in the future. But Mr. Ed son cannot be explained on th basis of mere heredity at all.

One thing about him, he wa never very thrifty, and that b littles his maternal ancestry b cause they were Scotch. He neve had any desire for great wealt and he died comparatively a poo man when you consider the grea fortunes made by men who pr duced his inventions. Mr. Ed son had no desire for wealth s we cannot explain him on th basis of heredity. Not a sing antecedent of Thomas Ediso as far as is known, distinguishe himself above mediocrity c either side, and that may be a argument of one sort or anothe or of value or not, just accordin to your point of view.

That leads us to the consider tion of a proper evaluation of M Edison on the question of e vironment. What were the e vironmental influences that ha to do with this great genius Were they distinguished? Th were the environments of tho sands and thousands of oth American boys of the period ar of the times, no different, no les no more. The usual, normal Oh

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anistic personality. I like hu-
an people, not the worldly mind-
, the socially ethical temper-
amentalists that do not evidence heart and blood here and now, he always kept his feet on the earth while his face was toward the stars. It is a great tragedy to look towards the stars exclusively and not keep one's feet on the earth, just as it is tragic to keep one's feet on the earth exclusively and not look towards the stars. To work out a combination of these two things in our lives will help you to meet life.

When Edison was a little boy, and he must have been a real boy, nothing of your "mamby-pamby" boy, and that meant that he did have some of the devil in him, I would be suspicious of the boy who did not. I think more of a boy that will shoot a paper wad to the ceiling in school than of the boy that will run to the teacher and tell who did it. Tattletales will make life miserable for you all your life. You don't have to worry about that bad boy. I have said it repeatedly, and I say it again, that sin is nothing else but misdirected energy. I am speaking now, obviously, about the normal boy, not the one twisted in his moral concepts pathologically; the abnormal boy is always a problem for society and the public welfare service.

It was never recorded anywhere that Thomas Edison liked to study. He did not like going to school at all, and he never went to school very much. He, like some of the others who have done fine things and big things, graduated from the University of Hard Knocks, and like Mr. Hubbard said, he took several post-graduate courses, and some of the men who have done some of the finest things in the world have been men and women whose diplomas were received when they graduated from the University of Hard Knocks. That's the faculty out of which Thomas Edison came. There was no one to hand him anything. Thomas Edison had to work and work hard. He did not possess even an unusual mental keenness, he was a plod-

der, a worker, nothing ever came easy for Thomas Edison. There's always danger when things do come easy. Values are determined by difficulties. Steel brings out the metal that is in us.

When he was a little boy he had hard luck with his teacher, and he was not the only one. I have the greatest respect in the world for what I consider the profession above all others in importance, that of teaching, but I tell you, and I speak from experience, some teachers are so concerned about the technique and accuracy of their methods of teaching that they forget the most important thing is not from the textbooks but the thing that comes out of their own personality is their influence as teachers. The personality of the teacher is more important than anything the teacher teaches. That is actually the situation and the truth. So he went home from school one day and he had a little note from his teacher written to his mother, and the teacher said to the mother: "I am very sorry, but Thomas is so stupid and dull that I think it would be better for the school if you were to take him out of school." Thomas Edison! Mrs. Edison, with the customary reaction which any true mother would have—a very remarkable woman, and on his eighty-first birthday Thomas Edison was asked what was the greatest single influence in his life, and his reply was: "My Mother"—for that mother took him out of school and she said: "All right, if Tom is such a dullard as that, then I will teach him myself," and she did, and he never went to school a day after that. He was taught by his mother.

Then he evidenced that latent desire of investigation which is always indicative of a superior mind. He was never satisfied to accept things as they appeared on the surface; he had an unusual mind for penetration, and he started in reading all the books on physics, chemistry and science that he found in a public library, he started on the top shelf and told the librarian: "I am going to read every book, I will start here and try and read three feet a month." (Laughter) And he started to read the library through by feet!

It is interesting to compare the highly intricate methods which he used with his simplicity, because he was so untouched and untampered by any of the ingenuity associated with his work. He was very simple and utilized common sense, and that is the most uncommon thing I know of common sense! Edison, one day, had several graduate students of an institution of technology in his laboratory. There was nothing more about electricity left to know, they knew it all, and they were assistants! Edison wanted to know the cubic contents of a certain shaped electric light bulb, and he said to those gentlemen: "I have not time to go into this matter. I would like to have you do it," then he slipped out and in three minutes he had the answer. He did not tell them anything about it. One boy came back in four days, one two weeks later, and the other has not come back yet, so far as Edison ever knew. Edison made a practical application of his common sense. He said to the graduates of the institution of technology: "Will you kindly explain the formula by which you were able to give me your answer?" They started out with a row of figures, formula after formula. After they were all through, Edison said: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen, when will you bring in your sense of utilizing common sense? I had the answer three minutes after I gave you the problem." And they said: "Of course you would, Mr. Edison, **you** are Thomas Edison!" "Oh, no, I just poured the bulb full of water, poured out the water and measured the water!" (Laughter)

Now that gives you an idea of the difference between a man of

genius and a man of mediocrity. Up there in Canada across from Port Huron they had a railroad that Thomas Edison worked on as a boy. I have ridden on that road many times. Thomas Edison moved over to Port Huron and then it was that he got a job as a "news butcher" and that was his introduction to the whole field of electricity. He could go in and out of depots and see these men working with telegraphic keys. His chance came by accident. I sometimes wonder how much of a part fate does play in life. I think it plays a much bigger part than most of us think or believe. There isn't any doubt but that he would not have been the great Thomas Edison had several things never happened in his life. There is only one thing for us to do and that is to speculate about it.

On this train between Port Huron and Sarnia, at a little town, the station agent's son ran out and a freight train was backing through by the side of the train that Edison was news butcher on, and Edison, at the risk of his own life, saved the life of this son of the station master on this railroad. So much appreciation did the station master experience toward Edison that he said: "You must make your headquarters here and I will do all I can to help you in your study and whatever it is that you want to do!"

Edison started a newspaper on that train, the first ever to be published in transport, and, of course, being Thomas Edison, he would be compelled to irritate some of the more or less inferior minds with which he had to associate, and his ears were boxed severely once or twice and he was put off the trains because he printed things that did not suit everybody. There are always some people, when they hear or see things that do not harmonize with their point of view immediately take the attitude that the one who writes or says them must be wrong. Politicians and preachers might be wrong, but I have never met one that was not sure he was right. It would be refreshing to meet one that would say: "I may be wrong," they never do.

Thomas Edison may have been right or wrong, but he printed it. He was waiting in a telegraph office, waiting for the train, and he heard this instrument and he saw that only one wire could be used between two instruments, and Thomas Edison said to himself: "That's all wrong, it ought to be possible to send as many messages as the instrument is capable of producing all at once over one wire," and he went to work upon the problem of sending more than one message over one wire. That was one of the early beginnings of all his experiments in the field of electricity. But his first invention was a much simpler one than that. Unable to have communication between Sarnia and Port Huron because the ice had come and boats could not run, impossible to get in communication, he had them bring a steam engine in the yards as near as possible to the river and he had a good head of steam, and climbing up into the cab he sent messages, and when the operator on the other side heard a steam engine giving the Morris code he got an engine and the telegraph operators kept that open by sending messages to the world in Morris code, by steam engines!

But the peculiarity of these environmental conditions—I like the fact that Edison, with all the solidarity of his intellectual processes, never once lost his sense of humor. He had a subtle humor that was one of the most delicious things of his own personality. He never took himself too seriously, and he could always see through the foibles of human nature and always had a bit of humor in everything he said and almost everything he did. It was a delight to go to his

library and see that humor. The people associated with him rarely ever left, they stayed a long, long time, and one of the men closest to him died of a broken heart within twenty-four hours of his own death. Why, at the very moment, Mr. Meadowcraft associated for almost forty-eight years with Mr. Edison, is now himself on the verge of the experience of death, broken hearted at the loss, not of the great inventor and contributor to civilization, but at the heart of a friend, for Thomas Edison's sense of humor in his friendships is one of the things about him that we must never forget, and kept him beautifully simple.

Mrs. Edison was worried about him because he would not sleep. Four hours' sleep out of twenty-four was all he had for forty years; he ate no solid foods but drank 16 and 17 glasses of milk a day. The last few days the physicians gave him some solid foods. For thirty-five years Edison had been suffering from diabetes and kept himself alive all these thirty-five years by obeying, as he thought, certain dietetic laws. No one ever need die of diabetes, the only thing that anyone ever ought to die of, if they are careful in their thinking and of their bodies. is that inevitable logical depletion which comes with maturity and the chemical processes of old age. Death should be as natural as birth, your body should stop functioning without pain and go out. Of all the things that men and women die of, they are largely the things that we have brought upon ourselves in our lives, living in this chaos that we are compelled to live in. That's the thing that kills, and in the face of all that we know of modern science, and the splendid work done in the research laboratories, still we keep on dropping dead at 40, breaking down at 60, all over and through. A great many people at 50 have something the matter with them, if not, they try to create something in order to enjoy bad health. With Edison it was not true, he refused to admit it. He only slept four hours a day. He said just three or four weeks before the end, according to all records he himself was 159 years old and he said it was because he had not slept as long as most people at 80, and when you stop and think that a man 60 years old has been asleep 20 years, we sleep one-third of our time, that means we are unconscious to all intents and purposes to social adjustments, and obviously a man who lives 80 and refused to sleep over 4 hours a night, has been alive 157 years. It is a great tragedy to waste so much time in sleep.

Mr. Edison was sitting in his library and Mrs. Edison was very much worried about him. I would like, in this humanistic interpretation, to pay a tribute to Mrs. Edison. Never such devotion, hardly, in all the history of marriage as those two. Never such complete understanding, such trust, such confidence. Never such childlikeness in his dependence upon her. She was not only wife, she was mother, and sometimes I think if some wives would just remember that most men are but grown up boys there would be happier marriages and happier married lives. If, sometimes, they would not forget that what most men appreciate too, besides all that is involved in the word wife, is a little bit of what we think of in the word mother. That fine dependence between Mr. Edison and his wife, and her sympathetic understanding of him is one of the most glorious things in the annals of marriage in this country. He would stay all night in his library,—there was nothing very neat about Mr. Edison, he would just drop down on that old couch—for his rest—and she thought she would send down his dinner. She did and found him asleep with his inevitable cigar burned out still in his hand, and and she did not want to disturb

him, so she slipped out and left his dinner, and some of Edison's assistants came in and ate up his dinner and left it very much as if it had been eaten by Mr. Edison. When Mr. Edison awoke, he saw the dishes and thought he had had his dinner, lighted his cigar and went on with his experiment. It is evidence of one of the finest things about him.

One of the most interesting things about him was when as a little boy he was interested in how eggs hatched. I think that most folks, at one time or another, have debated as to which came first, the chicken or the egg, whether God made a chicken first or an egg first? I don't know, do you? (Laughter) Edison was always interested in chickens and eggs, and what do you think he did? This same little mother he loved, was in spmpathy with his spirit of inquiry—if there is a mother here or listening who has a boy that persists in asking questions, I beg of you never let that boy's attitude go without attention; never discourage anybody from asking questions. Above all, a boy or girl. When they ask you what holds up the stars, try and tell them, you cannot, but try and do it. When they ask you who God is, try for an answer, there is none, but try to answer it. Many a boy and girl has had in their subconscious mind disastrous complexes that were deadening for creativeness because the first 13 or 15 years of their lives they were not properly handled by their parents and their teachers, and much genius is lost to the world because of our inability to understand the pyschology of child life. Don't pass off that boy or girl's question flippantly, you may be doing them an injury from which they will never recover.—Thomas Edison's mother had a nest of goose eggs and she found Thomas, as a little boy, sitting on those eggs. (Laughter) If that does not tell something about Thomas Edison, what does? That was evidence of his early genius!

I could use a lot of bromidic platitudes but we would lose the big thing about Mr. Edison's personality, his supreme humanity, that's the biggest thing about him. Edison was simplicity in greatness, and his greatness was his simplicity. I have lived long enough in this world, on the way to fifty years, to come to this conclusion, the really great are the really simple, and that real simplicity is always indicative of true greatness. It is always harder to get to the fourth vice president than it is the general manager, and when you get to the fourth vice president you know why he is not general manager. For all greatness is always simple, so I am going to tell you young men of the Coyne Electrical School something about Edison. Edison had an idea, as a boy, that he could make a concoction in his laboratory—he had a little laboratory as a boy, I like that about him, he had his own laboratory in his mother's house. Never have a room in your house that's too good for a boy, the first library I ever had was a Queen Anne soapbox in which I made little shelves and put books on them and it was in a little alcove back of our kitchen stove, it was **my library**, the first I ever had! Thomas Edison had a little laboratory and he thought that he could make a concoction whereby if people would take it they could fly. Well, that is not so bad, we may come to it yet. I know something that people take nowadays that nearly does that. We have almost come to that stage. And he sat in his little laboratory and said to himself: "I will make this concoction and then if they take it they can fly," and he tried it out on the hired girl, he mixed this concoction and she took it, and they tell us that Thomas Edison stood there aghast waiting for her to fly!

There are three things in conclusion I want to say as my tri-

bute to Thomas Edison. First he taught all of us that the necessary thing for achievement is to work. That's the first thing. That nothing in this world that is of any value we can ever have or get without work. That is the first thing, work, Work, WORK, and then W O R K! It was nothing for him to try ten thousand times on a simple little thing, and and hear then the ten thousand-ant-first time he won. Thomas Edison's crowning dream, at the last, was his anxiety to extract from golden rod a product that could be vulcanized and take the place of rubber, and he won, and he is going to revolutionize the entire rubber inustry of the world by this last great achievement in his field of invention and discovery. Work, young man, work be always and everlastingly at work!

Second, his sense of humor. He never lost it. I feel sorry for people who cannot smile and have lost their sense of humor. It will make possible more work, for the people who do most work are those who have learned most how to laugh. It is like art, humor is like art in work, it is a means of escape and it makes life endurable.

And the last, and in many ways the most inspiring is to be found in his heroic, courageous attitude toward religion. Dealing with mysteries, sensing the Cosmos as few men have, Thomas Edison never could bring himself to sign a creed in any church. Thomas Edison was Vice President of the Thomas Paine Memorial Association. He, with Luther Burbank, was associated with the American Society of Free Thought. He, with John Burroughs, that quartette of interesting personalieies, Henry Ford, John Burroughs, Harry Firestone, inseparable for the past two years, spent all of their vacations together, and the two men who stood with their hearts breaking at his bier, Wednesday last, were Henry Ford and Harry Firestone. Thomas Edison kept his mind open and refused to dogmatize about religion. In 1921, at Elmyra, New York, the Board of Education agreed to name a school after Thomas Edison, and they started the Thomas Alva Edison School of Elmyra, New York, There was such a protest raised in naming a school after an "atheist" that the school never was named after Thomas Edison.

He was never an atheist. No superior mind could be. Thomas Edison was never an atheist. Thomas Edison used the phrase "Infinite Intelligence," and the last three years of his life he gave a great deal of thought to the question of immortality, when asked by the Scientific American, that great publication in the United States in the field of Science, what he thought about the soul, Thomas Edison said: "I do not know what the soul of man is, but of this I am assured, that their identities, identities that are non microscopic are what constitutes life, and that my body lives as long as these identities function, and if there is immortality it is the immortality of the identities, not the immortality of the body." Such clarity is obvious to every student. So when a Methodist clergyman was asked to conduct his funeral due to the fact that Mrs. Edison is a member of that denomination, the tribute is that here stood a man so free in matters of religion, so emancipated in matters of creed and dogma that our petty creeds, emblems of a dead past, stirred him not, a man who believed in Infinite Intelligence of the Cosmos, and in a form of immortality and projection of the soul and spirit, this man, prayed for by a Roman Catholic priest, honored by every form or religion the world has produced, but he himself was bigger than them all, for he stood above the petty creeds that men have made, he belonged to the Cosmos, he belonged to the universal. His broken, tired

body rests near Menlo Park, but his soul and spirit goes marching on in the conquest that has come to him from the liberations that come with death.

Edison's immortality is achieved, it is not a gift and the very orthodox—a man said to me only this week; "Doctor Bradley, how can you talk about the religion of Thomas Edison when he had none?" I said to him: "Where is Thomas Edison now?" "According to every standard of my religion, Mr. Edison is in Hell." I looked at that man and I said: "Do you mean to tell me, because Thomas Edison did not accept your blood theories of the Apostles, your creed, Calvary, you have him damned?" And do you know what I said to that man? It made him very angry, and it may make some of you angry too, I said this: "If Thomas Edison is in hell, Thomas Edison will change the character of the whole place. He will bring his genius to bear until after three or four million years, it may be more desirable than heaven." I would rather go to hell with Thomas Edison than go to heaven with Billy Sunday and Aimee McPhersen.

These things matter, they misjudge the whole issue. Just as the Golden Age in ancient Greece, the age of Pheidias, Aristophanes, Pericles, Plato, Socrates, just as that age was known as the Age of Pericles, so this age, when the scientific achievements of the centuries have been evaluated, will be known as the Age of Edison." (Applause).

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

During the summer the faculty of the church school have met and had a very pleasurable time together. On July 10th, we had a dinner served in the open, which was attended by all the teachers and their families. We had as our special guests Mr. Elmer Rich, president of the board of trustees, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who are active members of both church and school. The dinner was prepared by the various women teachers, one preparing salad and vegetables, another the meat course, another the beverages, another desert, etc. When it was all set before us it was a spread fit for a king, and to say that we enjoyed it is putting it mildly. We had a perfect evening, a cool breeze blowing, stars and moon shining in all their splendor, and as twilight approached we lit a camp fire, by the light of which Mr. Campbell was able to take some moving pictures. While we cannot tell about these at this time, they will be exhibited at the church bazaar in November. However, we can go so far as to tell you to be prepared for a hearty laugh.

At the meeting held September 9th, at which detailed preparations were discussed for the opening of school, including assignment of teachers to their respective classes, we decided to discontinue the senior mixed class of young men and women, and have a separate class for each. We are indeed fortunate to have secured as a teacher of the senior girls' class a woman who has had valuable experience, not alone in teaching, but in thinking along lines advocated by our school. The lady, whose name is Mrs. Anderson, is taking a very keen interest in our girls, and will be able to give them information and guidance which we feel they are in special need of at their age. Like the other classes in the school, their work will be based on a particular keyword each Sunday, around which discussions will center.

Few other changes have been made either in the system or personnel of the school. Miss Betty Boaz, who has been assisting in the kindergarten, will have charge of a primary class of girls, and Miss Anna Koch, who has been associated with the

school in the past, will take Miss Boaz' place in the kindergarten.

The parents of kindergarten pupils will please note that instead of having the children join the school in closing exercises, they are to be dismissed directly from their own room by their teachers, passing back of the stage and out through the west doorway.

Miss Stouch, who has been away on a leave of absence while she was teaching in Michigan, has joined us again, and we extend her a most hearty welcome. She will have a junior girls' class, and judging from past records we should hear from her class when we are in need of entertainment, for besides being a good teacher, Miss Stauch is a very good coach.

Our Mrs. Eddy, who is in charge of the kindergarten department, has spent several Sunday mornings visiting the schools of other churches, gathering information which can be used to advantage in our school, and has given some valuable suggestions to her assistants. However, she says in all fairness and without prejudice that we have about the nicest set of children she has seen, which all helps to keep alive that spirit of co-operation, as well as ambition. We also take this opportunity to compliment her on the attractiveness of her room, which required many hours of work to complete the decorations. The youngsters were delighted with the improvement, and the room is ever so much more cheerful than in the past.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements since church opened September 20.

18—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
20—Sermon, Peoples Church
21—Linden, Mich.
22—Linden, Mich.
23—Address, Milwaukee, Wis.
25—Cabinet Meeting
25—Address, Von Steuben School
27—Sermon, Peoples Church
28—Address, Milwaukee, Wis.
29—Tower, Mich.
30—Address, Minneapolis, Minn.
30—Address, Y. M. C. A., Minneapolis

Funerals

Sept. 27—William F. Clifton, Interment, Wonder.

Weddings

Sept. 26—James J. Aylward and Myrtle Odinius
Sept. 26—William A. Anderson and Elizabeth D. Geis
Sept. 26—LaVerne A. Field and Ruth E. Riggs

QUIET THINGS

When days are full of discord,
And every moment brings
Its share of strife and worry,
I think of quiet things—
Quiet things and calm things—
Lovely things like these:
Dim woods at nightfall,
Snow on hemlock trees,
A cherry tree in blossom,
Cobwebs hung with dew,
Yellow leaves drifting down
With sunlight slanting through
Behind closed lids I seek them—
Again and yet again—
Curling wisps of wood smoke,
Violets in the rain.

—Mary Charlotte Billings
in "Nautilus."

"THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS"

(Extracts from the book of that title by Luther Burbank)

When the sun begins to cast longer shadows, the days to grow shorter, and the nights to lengthen and turn cooler, we experience a brief return of summer. It is as though the year paused a moment and turned back to look somewhat longingly at its rich and fruitful months of blossom and activity and growth, a little loath to go. In that second summer we gather our harvests.

Like the year, I pause now, toward the end of my allotted time, to glance backward and to

rather my harvest of experience and growth and friendship and happy memory and, like the year, I find myself warm, mellow, sunshiny and kindly in all my motives and in my intent toward all mankind. What has been my "harvest of the years"? . . . .

As though they were the grains from the field, the fruits from the orchard and the flowers from the garden, bursting now with seed for another season's planting, I seem to see three kinds of crops in the barn and bin and crib and storehouse.

I see the harvest of work accomplished and alms achieved—and here I observe that the crop is somewhat short of what it might have been.

I see the harvested experiences and lessons that have moulded and impressed and enriched my own life, and here there is a first-class yield, and more than the sowing seemed to merit.

I see the harvest of dear friendships, happy memories, recollections of triumphs won and honors bestowed; here the storehouse floor groans and the walls bulge and the shingles on the roof have to give a little to make room, for the harvest is rich and heavy and abundant and we may even have to put on an ell or so to accommodate everything that is headed this way! . . .

As regards my own work I have long since ceased to think of it as anything more than a contribution to the whole body of knowledge and an addition, in its results and conclusions, to the technique and practice of plant development. For me it has become The Work. It still remains to be done—the most energetic and the most gifted and the most successful man could add only a little to the precious store of information and lay a board or two in the platform on which Science must stand. The horizon of plant breeding, as one of the richest and one of the least occupied of all the territories of Science, is illimitable. On it a few men have sketched vague pictures of the possibilities yet to be realized. Only a hint of what may be done has been revealed to us. It remains for the next few generations to develop and expand the discoveries and explorations and acquisitions of the pioneers, but that there lies beyond that horizon a new world of beauty, utility, wealth, and good for all mankind cannot be questioned. I myself have had a little glimpse of the Promised Land!

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

The iron creeds have fallen like broken-winged birds at my faltering feet.

Yet there remains a tapestry of hope woven on the loom of harvest time.

Time's ravages have been forgiven and redeemed by the patience of summer's brooding sun and her purifying baptism of rain.

Mother earth has honored my feeble efforts and multiplied them a hundredfold, thus assuring me that no good is lost.

Golden grain, luscious fruit and rainbow-tinted leaves are eloquent oracles proclaiming the many-hued nature of the Eternal.

Spring has kept her promise, summer has fulfilled her vows, and the earth is pregnant with a great faith.

Tears there have been, and so were there mellowing rains; disappointments there have been, and so were there rooting winds; joys there were, and so were lingering sunsets.

Everywhere nature's children are getting drowsy and long for rest that they may live again more gloriously when kissed awake by spring.

And now I see a latticed window in the gold of the western sky, and I know it is the window of prayer for those who feel the mystery of God.

—Argow.

THE SONG OF YOUTH

I'll smooth the crumpled rose-leaf
song,
I found today within my heart,
Where it lay hidden, O so long,—
A foolish song of love and
youth.
One said it was a lie
But to me it was the truth.
Today, I find the sky as blue—
Today the song has proven
true—
I'll search the crypts for more to
sing—
Gay little songs of love and
spring.

Effie Leaton Cahill.

SELF FORGIVENESS

I will forgive myself
My own mistakes—
Forget them too, and say,
"Nature calmly takes
The time to grass the graves
Of all to-days and yesterdays.
I will pattern Nature's ways
And hide within a patient heart
The mortifying, self made dart
With which I goad a spirit low
And smile, though all the world
should know."

Effie Leaton Cahill.

(These two lovely little poems are published for the first time. Editor.)

Keep the faculty of effort alive in thee by a little gratituitous exercise every day; do every day or two something for no other reason than that thou wouldst rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draw nigh, it may find thee not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition and self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaf in the blast.

Principles of Psychology,
William James.

UPTOWN PLAYERS OPEN NEW SEASON WITH GUEST TEA OCTOBER 4TH

The return of autumn heralds a return to the drama for the Uptown Players, now in their sixth year. We expecet to make this year one of our best, and we shall do our utmost to give you excellent entertainment in every branch of dramatics. Starting the season with our customary informality, we are opening with a guest tea, to be held in our studio, Bradley Hall, in the Peoples Church. There will be some excellent music, your favorites, sung by a group of talented young singers, and Synge's well known play, "Shadow Of The Glen" will be presented. After the performance which starts at three o'clock, tea and cake will be served and there will be plenty of it, to tie you over conversations, and renewal of old acquaintances. We hope to see all of our old friends present and a great many new ones too. Remember the date, Sunday, October fourth, at three o'clock. Admission is only twenty-five cents.

About Our New Play

The last week in October, the Uptown Players begin the major part of their program for the fall and winter. The first play will be "Mary the III." A three act comedy-drama by Rachel Crothers, dealing with three generations of an interesting family. The cast is a very capable one and we guarantee that this play will leave you in a happy frame of mind for a long time, in fact until our next production, which will be in the first week of December. Though it is a bit early to mention it, we want you to know that there will be a second edition of the Uptown Gaieties this season.

We take this space to urge your patronage more than ever before. We are trying to do our bit, toward making the coming winter as cheerful and full of purpose as

it is in our power to do so. We ask your patronage, which is a small thing in return for evenings and afternoons of genuine entertainment, the kind that you have learned to expect from the Uptown Players. We have planned our program for this season with you uppermost in our minds, to please you and satisfy your tastes in the theatre is all we aim to do. Our institution is not a money making one, expenses is all we look for, and enough over to make up our yearly pledge to the church. This year the church needs money, for it has a great deal of good-will work to do.

We also invite those of you who have never seen the Uptown Players to come to our performances. You will be delighted with the professional manner in which our plays are presented, in the high quality of the acting and in the perfection of the production, scenic effects, etc.

We have reduced our price this season to fifty cents a ticket. We want our patrons to enjoy an evening of excellent entertainment without too great a demand on reduced pocketbooks. We hope by your attendance you will prove your appreciation and approve our efforts to please you.

H. R.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church opened their season October 5th, with a very delightful program and luncheon in the ballroom of the Belden-Stratford Hotel on Lake Shore Drive. Mrs. Walter Hermsdorf, the new president, presided.

Mrs. Geo. Schulten, chairman of arrangements was assisted by Mrs. Schweizer, Mrs. Baer and Mrs. Eddy. The guests of honor were: Mrs. Henry Hardy, president of Cook County Federation, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, president of 9th District Federation of Woman's Clubs. Mrs. Walter Flandorf, Miss Ruth Costello, President Uptown Players, Dr. Preston Bradley and Mrs. Bradley.

Mr. Robert Metzler, pianist, and Mr. Michael Signorella, violinist, known as "The Two Balladiers" furnished the musical part of the program. Mrs. Hermsdorf in opening the program greeted the guests in her gracious way, and spoke briefly of her hopes for a splendid year for the club, pledging herself to do her very best to make it so. She then introduced Mrs. Bradley who, after greeting the members and friends, spoke of her happiness on this occasion of beginning the Club's twentieth year. Mrs. Bradley spoke with regret of members who thru illness—and some by death—were not with us.

The other guests of honor were introduced as were the officers of the club, and all responded with a few remarks—Mrs. Reynolds closed her little talk with the quotation,—"What does our club life mean to us? It means an enlarged horizon, a wealth of warm friendships, a large and more sympathetic understanding of human frailities and a very real enrichment of your own life in the best that life has to give."

Dr. Bradley the speaker of the day was then introduced and he gave a most inspiring address.

Everyone seemed happy to being another year of work and fellowship, and the general opinion expressed seemed to be that this was one of the most beautiful opening affairs ever enjoyed by our club.

On Monday, October 12th, the club met at 11:00 o'clock in the Lincoln room of the Edgewater Beach hotel, where they plan to hold one meeting a month, the other meetings being in Channing Hall at the Peoples Church. At this morning meeting, Mrs. Reynolds read a very interesting report on the Colorado Convention of the Federation of Woman's Clubs. Mrs. Hermsdorf followed with a brief but splendid report of the State Convention. Follow-

ing these reports a business meeting was held at which the members present voted to hold one meeting a month at the Edgewater Beach hotel as stated above. The meeting then adjourned for luncheon.

At 2:00 o'clock the afternoon program was opened by Mrs. Hermsdorf who introduced Mrs. Preston Bradley, the honorary president of the club as well as the wife of our minister, Dr. Preston Bradley. Mrs. Hermsdorf said that she thot it very necessary that an opportunity be given all the ladies of the club and our guests to become better acquainted with our honorary president, and that this would be possible by the afternoon informal teas that Mrs. Bradley will have once a month during the club year. This cannot help but create a friendly spirit that will be a pleasure to all. Mrs. Bradley then very graciously acknowledged the introduction and expressed her great happiness at having been given the title of The Honorary President of the Women's Club of The Peoples Church. She also said that she was quite sure that this was going to be the finest year of the club, for after all is it not the aim of every member to make each and every year a Bigger and Better year than the one before!

Mrs. George B. Schulten, vice president and program chairman, then presented Mrs. Helen Linn Ferris, pianist, who played two very lovely selections, one being "Liebestraum" and the other "The Birds" by Greig. Mrs. Ferris proved herself to be a very fine artist at the piano and we are happy to know that she is one of our members.

Mrs. Mark Lindquist, chairman of Art and Literature for the Club and also chairman of the day, introduced Llewellyn Jones the speaker, who is the Literary Critic for The Chicago Evening Post. He spoke on "Notable Books of the Day," giving very splendid reviews on some of the outstanding books of the year.

This was a beautiful program and all those that were fortunate to hear it will join in thanking Mrs. Lindquist for her efforts in making our opening program such a success.

E. M. E. Publicity Chairman.

JUNK IT!

Junk something every day. Junk your worries, junk your fears, junk your anxieties, junk your little jealousies, envies and hatreds. Whatever interferes with your getting up and getting on in the world—junk it.

Every night before you go to sleep put in the junk heap all your disappointments, all your grudges, your revengeful feelings, your malice—junk everything that is hindering you from being a big, strong, fine character. The great trouble with most of us is that we haven't any junk heap of this sort. We pull all our mental enemies, all our handicaps, our discouragements, our losses, our misfortunes, our troubles, worries, and trials, along with us. That eats up more than fifty per cent of our vitality and energy, so that we have only the smaller amount left for the great achievement of making life a success.

O. S. Marden.

"A house is built of logs and stone,
Of tiles and posts and piers;
A home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years."

Victor Hugo.

THE HARDEST TEST

It is said that the south wall of Whitby Abbey is more dilapidated than the north wall; the heat of the sun has been more destructive than the angry tempests from the North Sea. The bright sunshine of prosperity has often proved more ruinous to human character than all the tempests of adversity. Dr. Watkinson.

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Published monthly by The Peoples Church.
Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley.....
..... Associate Editor
Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison .....
..... Subscription Mgr.
941 Lawrence Ave. Long Beach 6878
Wm. Saunders ..... Business Mgr.
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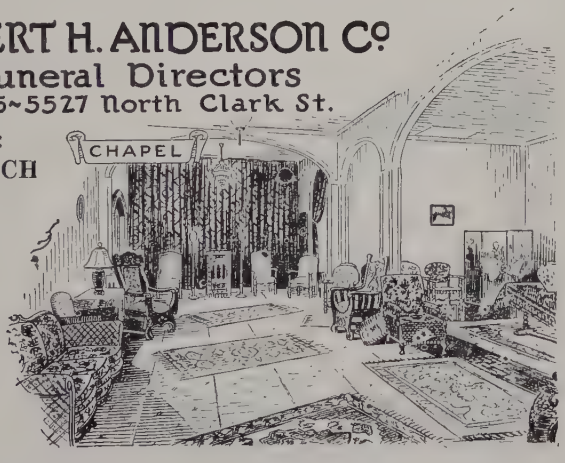

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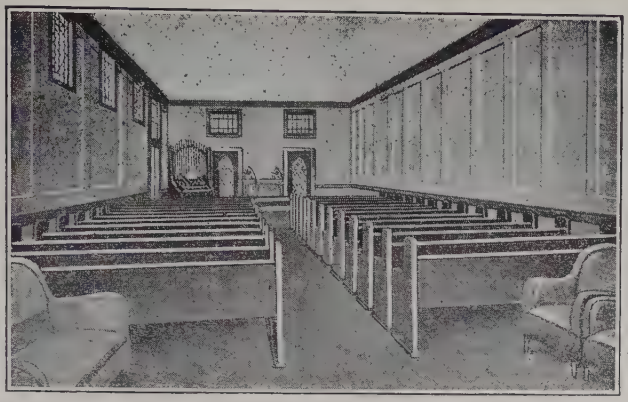

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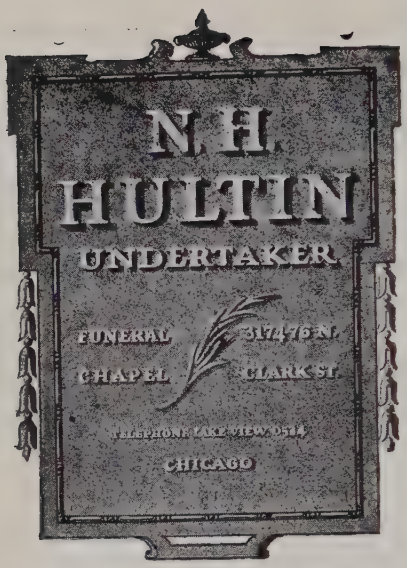

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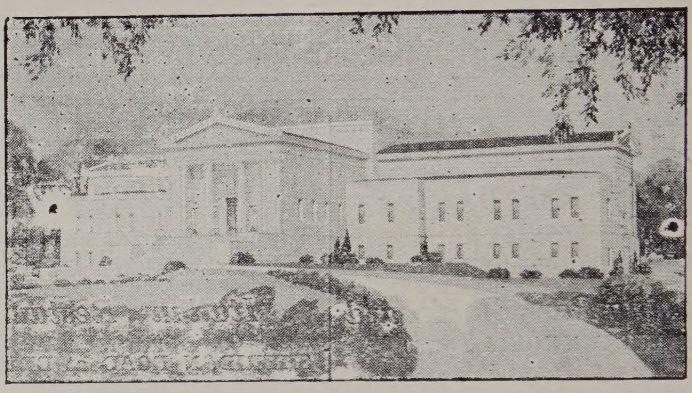

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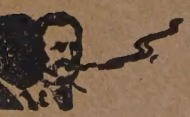

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